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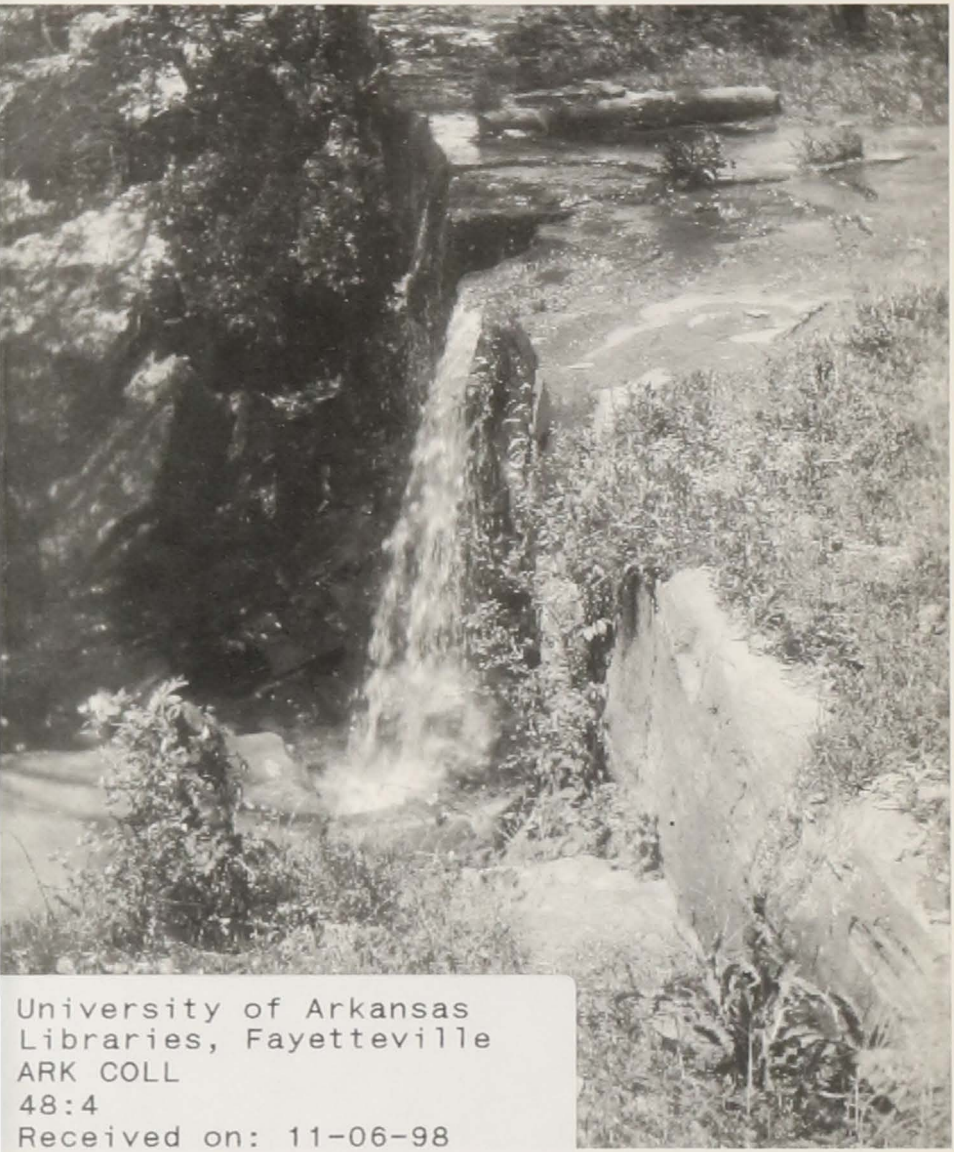
FLASHBACK

erving the Past for the Future

Volume 48 November 1998 Number 4



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ORICAL SOCIETY

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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Cover photo: CANE HILL POTTERY - This is the site of the old Pottery at Cane Hill established by William S. Crawley who came to the area from Tennessee in 1843. This is where the famous ante-bellum Boonesboro pottery was made. (See related article in this issue on pages 42-43.) *Photograph from Washington County Historical Society photo files in Shiloh Museum of the Ozarks, Springdale.*

FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

Volume 48 **November 1998** **Number 4**

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COPY to be printed in *Flashback* may be submitted in one of several ways: 1) furnished on computer disc, preferrably in WordPerfect for either Macintosh or a PC, 2) by e-mail to the editor at [dschaefe@comp.uark.edu] or [DES32@aol.com], or 3) cleanly typed copy that can be optically scanned. Text copy, photos, and artwork are all assembled on a computer. We welcome letters or e-mail messages that tell us of planned articles or inquire about Society activities.

Rambling Down the Trail of Time

by Lula Mae Underhill (Johnson) Ragsdale

Part I of "Rambling Down the Trail of Time" appeared in the August 1998 issue of *Flashback* (Vol. 48, No. 3) and this is the conclusion of that article.

Part II

When I was a little kid I was bad to fight. When my Aunt Mae would come to visit and bring her little boy, Aubry, they had to hold us to keep us from fighting. Two little neighbor girls, Ludy Mae and Nitie Fay Jackson, I couldn't stand to be around. But I also had some good friends. One was Lizzie Lindsay; we made lots of mud pies, but one day she really tasted one. She said she wanted to see if it had enough pepper in it. I thought that was awful. There was Doyle King—"the Barber." One day when our parents were visiting, he took me in the kitchen and cut the hair on the top of my head down to the scalp. I remember, I stood real still for him to cut it. They had to cut the rest of my hair to match. My Mother said she cried every time she looked at me.

The first car I ever saw, I was four or five years old. My Aunt Bell and Uncle Bill bought one and came to visit us. Of course, it was on old Model T Ford. When airplanes started flying over, we would watch them just as far as we could see them. I think that was during World War I. My Grandpa Skelton said the first one he saw flying over, he was working in the timber and he ran and hid in some bushes. My Dad and Grandpa Skelton made sorghum one year (maybe more) under the old oak trees above the road from our yard. I was a tot then. I like to watch them make it and I liked to sop it from a lid from one of their sorghum cans with my fingers.

Some songs that were sung when I was a kid were: "My

Old Kentucky Home," "Darling Nellie Gray," "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "Old Dan Tucker," "Casey Jones," and "Dixie." There were others, but these are what I remember.

I always liked to go to visit Uncle Iris and Aunt Anna. They were always so jolly, and Melva and Leonard had a lot more toys than we had. I enjoyed visiting my Grandpa and Grandma Skelton. Grandma was so neat and clean—in the house and outside—and she was a great cook. I thought Olive's grapevine swing down by the creek was wonderful. I remember spending the night a lot of times and listening to the old clock chiming away the hours. Grandpa would come to see us riding Old Jack or the old gray mare, and we were all so tickled to see him. I also enjoyed visiting Mae and Bluford. Aunt Mae was so kind and such a good cook. I was named after her and my Aunt Lula.

After Uncle Fred and Aunt Alice moved near by, Della and I played with their kids, Etta, Dewey, Louis, Leo, and Lena. Della and Lena were babies. We built playhouses out of rocks and sticks, made mud pies, and made clay dishes. Della and I also made playhouses behind our house. They were outlined with rocks. Our furniture was made from rocks and our dishes were broken pieces of real dishes. But we made mud pies and pretended to cook. On bad days we played with paper dolls in the attic. We cut our paper dolls from Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs. We especially liked the colored ones. We had a whole box of them. We also had a bunch of stick horses with twine bridles and a made believe barn. I would dress up my old black cat in Della's clothes. He got shut up in the oven one day and almost smothered. After he disappeared, we got a black kitten with a white face that we named Pearl. The first prayer I remember praying was for Pearl to come home

and she came back.

My Mother had beautiful flowers in the yard. She was always giving her neighbors bouquets. We had a patch of Bermuda on the north side of the house, between the house and garden which was our favorite place to play. I can remember when I was small lying in that beautiful green grass looking at the clouds floating in the sky, and thinking I could see my little brothers in the clouds. We had a great garden place and had enormous amounts of various kinds of fresh vegetables which my mother like to divide with neighbors if they could use them. In the summer of 1920, the year my darling little sister was born, Della who was 8 and I who was 10, almost 11, did most all the hoe work in the garden. We had a beautiful garden. That year was my first experience with cooking— and what an experience? I had cornbread that was yellow with soda and biscuits that were hard as rocks. After that summer I was kept busy helping to care for my little sister (Hazel), helping with the canning, stirring jelly, jam, preserves, and catsup, washing dishes and working in the field—hoeing strawberries, tomatoes and other crops. Of all jobs, I hated was to hoe strawberries. Sometimes we missed a few days school to pick field peas that had grown up on stalks of corn in the cornfield. We had all kinds and colors of peas. We put them in 100 lb burlap feed bags. When we got a lot of bags, we would beat the bags, then pour them out on a large tarp cloth and get all the shells out we could. Then hold them up in the air on a windy day and pour them down on the cloth to get the fine trash out. After that we stored them in 25 or 50 lb lard cans.

My family made apple or peach butter—10 or 12 gallons at a time. They would peel all night and cook all day in a copper-lined large pot—stirring with a large home made stirrer. They would rent a big copper-lined

kettle from Aunt Bell for 50 cents (La Rama Jett still has that kettle). Later, my Dad made a cooking pot. It was square with wooden sides and a copper bottom. They would peel fruit most of the night and cook it most of the day. When the fruit started to thicken, they would add sugar and spices and cook it down real thick. After that they would put it in gallon stone jars. By then it was usually after dark and everyone was real tired. The next day they would paste layers of paper, cut to fit, over the tops of the jars to seal them. I was too small to help, but I knew it was a big job and it was really good. We don't have that delicious apple butter anymore.

My mother and father, Lizzie and Charlie Underhill.

My mother and the neighbors would cook some of their peeled and cored tomatoes and put them in half gallon metal syrup buckets and pour hot sealing wax around the edges of the lids to seal them. They put catsup in quart glass bottles, closed them with a cork and sealed them with hot sealing wax over the cork.

My Mother also made hominy from Hickory Cane corn. I don't know how she made it, but I remember saving wood ashes from the heater, putting them in a hopper and pouring water over them to make lye to pour over the shelled corn. She also made soap from the meat cracklings which were left after rendering the hog lard. She used canned lye for that. She made a nice, white soap from canned lye and waste grease. She was good at making soap. We would shell white corn and my dad would take it to the mill and have it made into corn meal.

There was a flour mill at West Fork. He would take wheat and trade it for flour. This was when I was small.

We grew almost everything we had to eat, and we had good food, too. Everyone in the family worked. Parents didn't pay their kids to do little jobs. My dad did give us kids a penny a bag to pick up leaves to put in the stables for bedding.

When I was a child, Highway 71 was just a wagon road (no hardtop or pavement). It was so dusty in the summer and so muddy in rainy weather. That stretch of road by where the airport is now was just a muddy lane in winter. The mud was axle deep. Of course, there was no airport there then. I went to Springdale with Stella and Delmer one time to a Fourth of July Celebration, and there was a thick cloud of dust everywhere. There was no way to shut it out of that old Model-T. We were really dirty when we got home. Most people in Fayetteville burned wood, had outhouses and wells. When I was in high school, West Street was red clay. It got real muddy in wet weather.

Elementary School Days

I began school at age 6 in 1915. There was no kindergarten. We started in first grade in the old log school room. I hated school. I could already read almost everything in my old Jones Reader, do first grade math, and spell a lot of words. School was boring. We didn't have anything to work with back then. All I had was my Jones Reader, a Big Chief Tablet, a penny pencil, and a slate. No hot lunches. We just had to sit and listen to the older kids recite. I especially remember the seventh grade. There was no eighth grade—just grade one through seven. That was a mess of classes. But the seventh-grade class was loudest, and there were several of them: George, Hugh Rieff, James Hardy, Isa Winn, Pearl

Johnson, Marie and Myrtle Collins and probably more. Lola Curtis from West Fork was the teacher. James Hardy stammered and Hugh talked so slow I hated to hear them recite. I don't remember much about the other kids in other grades. My teachers through the grades were Lola Curtis, Mary McGee (two or three terms), Pearl Harp, Kate Robinson, Frances Mount-Castle, and Bernice Karnes. My favorite friends through grade school were my cousins, Etta (Clint Stanley's mother) and Melva (she went to Sugar Mt. for a while to start with). The boys and girls had to carry water from the spring (Mineral Springs) in a 12 qt. galvanized bucket. I was the first one to attend class in the eighth grade. The school term was only four months, but I took the county exams at West Fork and passed with good grades. We had to walk a couple of miles both ways. After about the first three years, I had Della to go with me. Others I went to school with were James and Marguerite Collins, Vernon and Mae Ellen Northcross, Alvera and Wilda Milsap, Lawrence and Revilla Snider, Addison and Floyd Harp, Donald and Mildred Walker, Cloyd Rieff and my cousins, Melva and Leonard Underhill and Etta, Dewey, Louie, Leo and Lena Underhill.

When I was preparing for tests I would write dates or numbers on my fingernails. We usually stopped on our way home at the Ridge General Store and Post Office (at the crossroads) to get the mail and hear the news. The mail was carried from West Fork by horseback. If we had a penny or two we got some candy. At recess and noon some games we played were Blackman, Hide and Seek, Ante-over, Steal the Bacon, Drop the Hanky, Farmer in the Dell, I Spy, Crack the Whip, and Jump the Rope. We were very happy to have the new frame building finished my second year of school. We had store bought seats and desks with an ink well. We poured ink from the bot-

tle into it. We could dip our straight pens in the ink and write. That was messy. Then, we had fountain pens that we filled from a bottle of ink. Then came the self-filled pens we have today. That was quite an improvement. Now, we have all this high-tech stuff which is a very great change.

My father helped haul the lumber for the new building from West Fork by wagon. They gave the logs in the old building to John Hale, who lived just West to build a barn. His barn had been destroyed by fire. We never had homework. I had to hurry home after school to help with the chores and help take care of my little sister, Hazel, and my nephew, Warren, who was two years younger than Hazel. My parents took him to raise when he was nine months old, and George and Mabel were divorced. The school terms were only three or four months long, and the teachers were paid about $30 per month when I was in grade school.

One of the big events of the year was the community Christmas tree. It was a large cedar, decorated with homemade trimmings. They used candles which were very dangerous. Everyone got a treat which contained candy, nuts, an apple and an orange. The people brought their gifts (for family and friends) which consisted of a lot of handkerchiefs, small toys, a doll or two and other things. Each little girl was hoping the doll was for her, but I was never lucky to get one. As we got near the schoolhouse on this important night, we could hear the crowd of people chattering away, happy to be in the gathering, the light shining from the oil lamps in the brackets on the wall, and people with lanterns coming from all directions. Some walked, some came in buggies, and some came in wagons. This was a real old-fashioned get-to-gather. Oh! the candy was so good. They also had a little program. Mostly the children recited

poems and, of course, Santa was there. When I was thirteen and in the eighth grade, I got my pigtails cut off, so I had short hair. I also drank my first coke and saw my first movie. It was an old, silent movie "Rin-tin-tin" in *Where the Silent North Began.* The next fall I went to high school at old Hillcrest in Fayetteville.

High School Days

My high school days were rather uneventful. I was just a bashful, country kid who had come to town to go to high school. I had to work very hard to make good grades. I didn't have boyfriends or go any place, except home on week ends. If I didn't get to go home, I would go to church. I really got homesick sometimes. The first year (term of 1923-1924), I stayed with Stella and Delmer in Fayetteville and went to old Hillcrest. Stella was always so good to me. She was just like a second mother. But they moved out in the country where my parents lived so I had to go to West Fork the other three years. My sophomore year, I stayed with my Grandma Underhill. The third year, I got a room for $4 per month in the home of Mary and George Widener, an old maid and an old bachelor, but he got married at Christmas time and brought in a wife and four kids. That was quite a change in atmosphere. My room didn't have any heat in it, and it was really cold.

The last year I got a room from Miss Annie Hoffenagle for $4 per month. It was furnished and was heated by the cook stove. That was a lot more comfortable. She was a very nice German lady. I graduated April 27, 1927 at the head of my class, but there were only six or eight in the class. Our graduation dresses were white and came just above our knees. We thought that was short. We didn't have caps and gowns. I was the only one in my parents' family to finish high school.

I took the county exam that summer and got a third grade teacher's license, the next year I got a first grade, and two years later, I got a state first grade. I taught three terms at Mineral at sixty dollars per month and four months at Sulphur City for seventy dollars per month. The teacher had to go early to start the fire, and she had to do the janitor work. At Sulphur City I boarded with Mary and Boy Boaz who were great people. My board was seventeen dollars per month. They lived where the Baptist Church now stands. I attended summer school at the U of A each summer. I rented a room for $4 a month. The admission for six hours was fifteen dollars and the books were about ten dollars. A cab from any place in town was a quarter.

Then came the great depression. People were looking for work all over. Business men and women were taking schools, and there weren't enough to go around. Men were doing farm work for fifty cents a day. My brother and nephew cut wood with a crosscut saw and sold it for seventy-five cents a rick. The day Roosevelt took office, my mother sold our neighbor eggs at three dozen for a dime. Milk cows sold for ten dollars, chickens at six cents per lb., and half-grown hogs for three dollars. Hamburgers were a nickel or large ones for a dime. Bananas were ten cents a dozen or three dozen for a quarter. Salmon was ten cents a can or three cans for a quarter. One could get good women's shoes for two dollars and good cotton material for ten cents a yard. I made a nice batiste dress for thirty-nine cents - counting thread and everything.

We curled our hair by using hand curlers, which we heated by putting them down inside the globe of one of the kerosene lamps. We got lots of burns on our foreheads. We took our baths in a large washtub. Most of

our underwear and some of our dresses and sheets and pillow cases were made from feed sacks. Some of the sacks were pretty. Some people made dresses and curtains from burlap bags. We didn't. We always had hot bread. At the beginning of a meal, the biscuits were passed first. People ate lots of bread. They poured the grease from the fried bacon in the platter with the bacon and they ate it with their sorghum or with sugar or on their potatoes.

My father always cured the hams, shoulders, and sides of the hogs he butchered. We also rendered lard and made sausages. Those were good sausages. My mother canned a lot of beef in one-half gallon glass jars. She cooked it about four hours in a pot of boiling water. It was really good. We had several acres of peach orchard. So we had plenty of peaches to eat fresh, to can, to make butter and preserves and to dry. My father made a little building with a heater in it and several shelves with trays to dry peaches and apples. We always had plenty to eat. Those dried apple and peach pies were delicious. We picked strawberries, tomatoes, beans, huckleberries, and grapes to get a little money, but we had plenty to eat that was raised on the farm, and we did have a lot of good things to eat. Even though we had very little money, we had a lot of "togetherness" and good times. Then came the WPA and the men worked on that to get a little money. Gradually times got better as Roosevelt got his "New Deal" to working.

I never had many boy friends. Emmett Smith, James Caughman, Peter Roberts, and Beecher Johnson were about all. But sisters will steal your boy friends. Beecher and I dated for a year or two. We had gone together three months before he ever kissed me. We got engaged under a tree, over at the old Hanshew Place where Della and Calvin lived. That was in November. We were mar-

ried April 29, 1935 at West Fork at the home of Rev. Mason, minister at the Christian Church. His wife was the only attendant. I sold green tomatoes to get material for my wedding dress, and I made it myself. The material cost $2.10. Mrs. Campbell gave a shower for us, soon after we were married. I still have some of the things we got. My rolling pin is still in use. I have used it all these years and have rolled out a lot of dough. Mrs. Shepherd (Mildred Malone's mother) gave us some Blue Willow dishes which are still around, and I still have some little plates and a cup that was given to us by Orville and Charlene. She was Beecher's baby sister and she thought a lot of him. She called him "Skook." That was his nickname. Clarence was "Kike," Elmer was "Slim," Orville was "Wamp." Charlene was about five then. She would spend the weekend with us sometimes. George, Jr. spent some time with us when he was small. We enjoyed him. Lucille used to come to play with Charles. She called him "Shoddy."

Beecher and his dad built a house over on the old place, across the hill, east from my parents' home. It was really just a big one-room shed, but we were very happy. That summer was one of the happiest times of my life. It was so beautiful over there and we had a good well of water. We had a good late garden, but the Johnson grass just about took our potatoes. We got some chickens and a little dog named Dang Fod. I already had a cat and a cow. Summer was fine, but when real winter came, it was so cold we couldn't stay there so we moved over to my parents' home and lived in the smoke house for over a year. They had used it for a summer kitchen. After we fixed it up a little, it was comfortable, but it was just one big room. Our baby (Elvin) that was stillborn was born there, April 28, 1937. We had planned so much about having our baby. We were so hurt when he was born

dead. His little casket was so cute. It only cost $12.50. He was a big, pretty baby. That spring we moved to the Humes place (Charles and Don's forty). Charles was born there March 27, 1938. We were so happy about him. We couldn't sleep that night. He was born about one o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday. We had a snow that night. He was so long and skinny, we were worried about him, but in a couple of months he was really cute. Virginia Lee Lewis was a couple of months older and they always played together and were very close. That spring we moved to the Lu Smith place and stayed a year. When we first moved there, we killed a copperhead in the house. Beecher went to Oklahoma City to work that summer and Warren stayed with me part of the time. I was sure glad when Beecher came home, and he was glad to get home.

The next spring we moved to the little two-room house on the Heflin Place. There were cracks in the floor one-half inch wide. That was a cold house, but he kept big fires in the winter. There were more copperheads there than any place I ever lived and rattlesnakes, too. Beecher got diabetes and was in the hospital a week or two that winter. My daddy helped me take care of the animals and get in wood. After that, Beecher had to take insulin shots three times a day. I was always worried about him having an insulin shock when he was away from home. He had to eat an orange or a teaspoon of sugar to get rid of it. He had to take those insulin shots the rest of his life. Don was born there Jan. 11, 1941. Rather, we lived there when he was born, but he was born at my parents' home. Beecher was in the hospital again. I wasn't expecting Don for two more months, but he decided otherwise. I thought I had the flu, but my dad brought the wagon and took me and Charles to their house. Charles had been sick all week. I hadn't

been there much more than an hour till Don was there too. My mom and dad were the only attendants. Mrs. Pyles came and cut the cord and dressed him. The first time I saw him he was smiling. He was born about eleven o'clock on Saturday. At that time mothers had to stay in bed nine days. By that time they were really weak. He was a cute baby—so plump and short. He only weighed four and one-half pounds with his clothes on. Charles was so proud of his little brother. Jimmy Lewis was born a few days later.

Beecher smoked a lot. When some one would come by and he started to talk to them, he would start lighting a cigarette. He smoked mostly Bull-Durham and RJR which came in nickel or dime bags. He smoked Prince Albert sometimes. It came in a can. As usual, I was thrifty. I saved the little bags, ripped them open, laundried them, colored them red and green with dye and made a quilt top. It took a lot of bags to make a quilt top. I don't know whatever happened to it. He also had a habit of biting his fingernails.

We bought Charles and Don's forty from the state and moved back there in 1942. It cost forty dollars. We had to borrow the money at a bank, and I don't know how we ever got it paid. That was the only land we ever owned. We had a nice garden, bushels of sweet potatoes and turnips, gunny sacks of peanuts, and more watermelons than we could use. We also had a nice patch of tomatoes above the road. People buried their Irish potatoes and turnips in the ground to keep them through the winter. They would dig a hole in the ground, line it with hay or straw and cover the potatoes with several inches of dirt in the shape of a mound, with a board on top. They would take them up when freezing weather was over.

Beecher kept getting worse with diabetes. He died at City Hospital, March 11, 1943 at the age of thirty-one

years and four months. He was buried in Mineral Springs Cemetery by the side of our baby. His casket cost two hundred dollars. Orville helped pay for it. After Beecher died, Grandma Johnson was good to come visit and give the boys presents—mostly story books which they liked very much, especially *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and *Five Little Peppers.* After Beecher died, I had quite a bad time. With two boys, two and five, and having to learn how to do so many things around the place like milking, feeding, and hunting cows, and cutting wood. I think learning to milk a cow was the hardest job. I hated that job. With our cows, we had to put their heads in a stanchion and some of them we had to put kickers on their back legs. Granddaddy helped a lot with wood and chores. We also raised vegetables and garden together. Mom helped with the boys. Bill Skelton came up and cut some wood a few times, and Mr. Rexroad did what he could to help us. Calvin was good to bring us groceries and supplies from town, and so were Cloyd and Ervin. Grandma Johnson was good to help us, so were Elmer and Hugh. Stella and Delmer brought us a lot of useful things from Tulsa. We got a little check of twenty-six dollars a month. We sold a few eggs and we picked strawberries and beans. We always had plenty to eat and enough to wear. We didn't have everything, but we did have togetherness and love, and we were happy. I am glad I could be with my boys and enjoy them while they were small. They grow up so soon.

One winter Stella and Delmer brought us enough coal to burn most of the winter. Delmer made the big cupboard I have now (to put my canned jars in). Grandma Johnson gave us a good heater that would burn coal, and she gave the old, white, treadle sewing machine. I made a lot of garments on that old machine. I made the boys' shorts from the good part of men's pants, and shirts

from the good part of men's dress shirts.

Some Stunts and Sayings of the Johnson Kids

When Charles was three or four years old he had two imaginary friends named Gurn and Acum Jury. He talked about them a lot. They would come visit him and he would go visit them. He went up to Mom's one day and she said "Charles, you know that's not true. You don't have any friends like that." He never talked about them again. He would go meet his dad and ride the old mare by himself. One day she went under the clothes line that dragged him off and he fell in a rock pile. I was really scared about him, but it didn't hurt him. His dad would take him fishing and hunting and to milk the cow. He wasn't quite five years old when his Dad died. He missed him a lot. One day when he was three or four years old, he went to get an egg out of a hen's nest upon the hillside. He went running down the hill and fell down and broke the egg and cut his head. He got up crying about breaking the egg and didn't say anything about the cut on his head. The scar is still there.

After Beecher died, there were lots of things we didn't know how to do—like setting traps and flying kites and all that stuff boys do. When Charles was a little older, he got his hand caught in a steel trap and he told Don to go tell me. Well, Don got to playing with his tricycle and forgot about Charles. When he came to the house, I said, "Where's Charles?" Don said "Oh, he's down there with his hand caught in a trap."

When Charles was four years old we would send him alone to my parents' home on errands. It was about 3/8 of a mile, but we never thought about children being in danger back then. We lived on the Mineral Springs-Low Gap road. It was so little traveled that weeds and grass grew up in the middle of the road. Charles wasn't afraid.

He was always a "big boy." Don was more afraid. One day I sent him up there. He got half way there and came back. He said he heard an awful noise. It sounded like Mill Creek roaring. It was the bees buzzing in the Sumac bushes. Another time he saw a snake, and his granddaddy had to bring him home. One day when I was gone, his daddy sent Charles up there for something about noon. Mom said "Charles, stay and eat dinner with us." Charles said, "No, I got to get back. Me and my Daddy is going to have a clean bite."

The Christmas after Beecher died, Hazel got them each a doll for Christmas. In a few days Don found out his doll didn't have a slip, and he cried all day about it. I had to make her a slip. Another time he cried all afternoon because Charles took a bath first. Charles went to Mineral School two years before they consolidated with Greenland. Herman and Jim Bill and Wanda were his friends. Don went to Greenland his first year. Not long after he started to school, he missed the bus and Carl Buckner persuaded him to walk to Greenland with him. They didn't get there till noon. One day he came home with his hair full of chewing gum. The Buckner boys had put gum in his hair. I had a job getting it out.

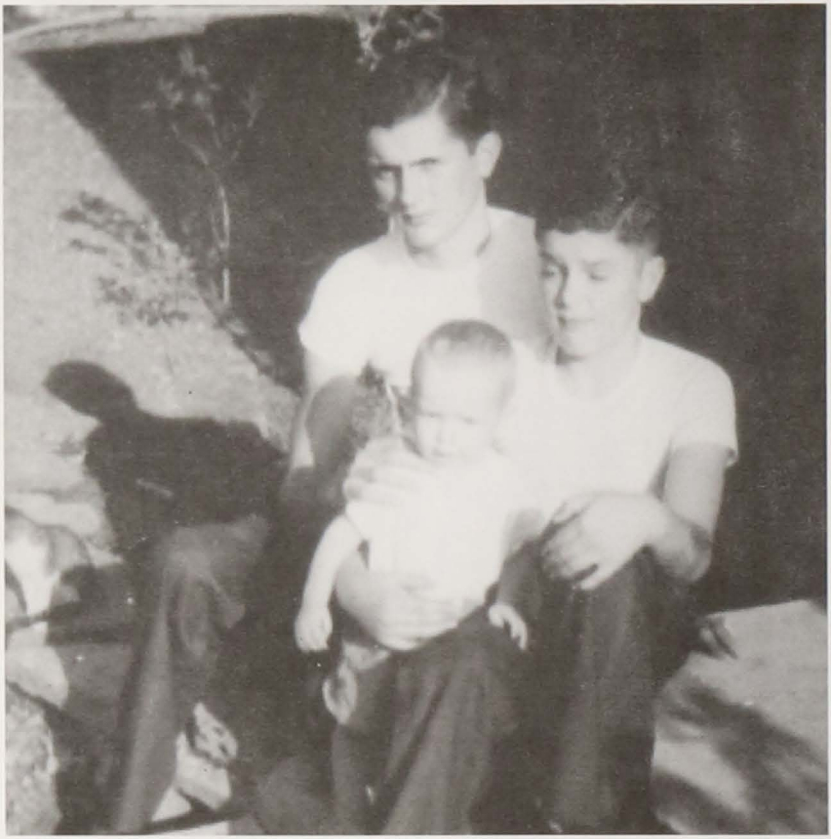
They argued a lot about what they were going to hear on the radio; whether it would be "The Lone Ranger," "Hash Knife Hartley," or something else. We read a lot of books at night by that old kerosene lamp. Some of their favorites were *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Peter Rabbit, Five Little Peppers,* and *Bamba.* One of their favorite games was Cops and Robbers. (It didn't make outlaws out of them.) They loved to tag after Granddaddy and to ride the mules to and from the pasture. He had a lot of patience with them. Mom was good to them too. They were always glad when the Lewis kids came over from Tulsa.

We sold a calf, Billy, and got Charles a new bicycle. He didn't have it long till he and Jerry Buckner were playing with it and a car ran into it and cut it in two, but Jerry's Dad had it fixed. When Charles was in the first grade, I said, "Charles, if that teacher whips you I'm going to give you another one." He said, "She's already done it."

At one time they had a lot of tame rabbits. They also had fish and cats. But they wouldn't feed or water them. When Charles was little he had a pet billy goat. That goat was into everything, but he got sick and died. One snowy day Charles made a bird trap out of the rub board and some string. The board fell down on a redbird. Charles said he didn't kill the redbird. He crippled it and brought it in the house and it almost ate him up. He said he shot a robin with the BB gun and killed it and cried about it. He caught a bob cat in a trap. We were going to turn it loose, but it looked so mean we decided otherwise. He went to get Granddaddy. He and Rex came down there and told us it was a bob cat and killed it for him. The game warden had it mounted and took it to the U. of A. museum. When Don was in the second or third grade, he was standing on a rock about six inches high, and fell off and cracked the bone in his arm. Another time they were jumping off a barrel and Charles dislocated his hip bone and had to lie flat on his back for a couple of weeks. That hip bothered him for a long time. One summer we all had the whooping cough. That was really bad.

The decade of the 1950s brought many changes to our lives. I was married to Raymond George Ragsdale II and we had a son, Raymond G. Ragsdale III, who was born July 16, 1953 at Elizabeth Hospital in Prairie Grove.

My oldest son, Charles Johnson, is now retired from the Navy. He also worked at Campbell Soup for many



Lula's three sons: Charles Johnson, Don Johnson, and Ray Ragsdale.

years and lives with his family in West Fork. Don Johnson, my second son, has been the principal of Elmdale Elementary School in Springdale for 21 years. He was recently elected "Arkansas Principal of the Year" for 1998. Ray Ragsdale, my youngest son, is a realtor and builder. He also also looks after my needs.

I have written these many pages of memories to give my family a sense of who their people were and how they lived. Today at age 89, I've lived to see many changes in this world, but my three sons are and have always been, the joy of my life. ❖

My Grandpa, Sid Keen

by Bob Keen

This story is about my Grandpa Keen who I never had the privilege to know. I have heard a lot of stories about him, and he must have been a strong person, as I will try to relate in this story.

Sidney Travis Keen was born Dec. 15, 1860 in Dallas County, Texas. The town where he was born was named Duck Creek. There is evidence that Duck Creek was once called Keen. Mrs. George James, who was a columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, wrote a column concerning Garland, Texas, for over fifty years. She published a book consisting of a collection of her columns. She gives a record of a meeting to discuss a new crossing for the east fork of the Trinity River. The meeting was to be held at Keen and she also mentions that in Duck Creek every other person you met was a Keen. Duck Creek is Garland, Texas, now.

Sidney was born to Abner Mitchell Keen and Nancy Travis Keen; he had two brothers, five sisters, two half brothers, five stepbrothers and sisters. The family moved to Texas from Macon County, Ill., where their mother had been raised. Sidney's mother was the great niece of Col. William Barrett Travis, who died at the Alamo, an important part of Texas history. Nancy's father was also a personal friend of Abe Lincoln. They fought in the Blackhawk War together.

Upon moving to Texas, they lived next door to Abner B. Keen, who had come to Texas with the Peters Colony. Duck Creek set in the midst of Abner B.'s 640 acres, which is now downtown Garland, Texas. At this time the Civil War was very much on the horizon, Abner Mitchell was opposed to war but was conscripted in anyway, in August of 1862. At Camp McCullough he was assigned

Sidney Travis Keen (1860-1941) — picture taken on the old Herring place near the old homestead, about 1940.

as a blacksmith, to Gurley's First Texas Partisan Rangers, 30th Texas Calvary. He fought with this unit at the Battle of Prairie Grove.

He was a blacksmith by trade, but also a preacher, teacher, and orator. Once on furlough while on his way home he shot a catamount, carried it home and tossed it on the front porch. It liked to have scared Sid to death. Nancy told him if all he had to do was scare the children, then maybe he didn't need a furlough. Abner was listed as missing without leave from the blacksmith shop at Camp Bonham. He hid out in the mountains near Heavener, Oklahoma, until the end of the war.

Sidney was now five years old, and starting to loose some of his eyesight. His mother had the measles while

pregnant with him, the doctors had told Nancy that Sidney would probably loose his eyesight by adulthood, as result of her bout with measles. Because of this Abner and Nancy set out to teach Sid all they could, sometimes at the expense of the other children. They knew that if Sid did go blind, he would need a good education. Sid was taught everything from the Bible and Shakespeare to calculus.

After his return to Dallas County in 1865, Abner Mitchell gathered his family and twenty other families and started north by wagon train. The wagon train only got as far north as Waldron, Ark. They arrived on Christmas Day, 1865. While living in Waldron in 1870, Sid's mother died. She was buried at the Waldron Cemetery. Sid's oldest sister, Mariah, married Hiram Beam that same year. The family then moved to a farm in Hon, Arkansas and worked for a man named Mr. Hon. It was here that Abner met and married a widow by the name of Rachael Davis (Daris), in 1872. Sidney was now completely blind, but he was expected to do his share of the work both at home and in the fields. His father wanted to instill the work ethic in him.

In the later part of 1872 the family set out for Washington County, Ark., where they had obtained a farm. Even though Sid would live most of his adult life in Washington County, he would never see a foot of it. On the move to the farm, the oxen they were using to pull the wagons gave out at Van Buren. They couldn't pull the hill. They rested and spent the night on the trail and the next morning they were eager to continue on to the farm on Skylight Mountain. Late that evening they reached Rather Creek, where they broke a wheel on one of the wagons. They unhooked the oxen and took the remaining wagon on to the farm. The next morning Sid and his father returned to Rather Creek and fixed the

wheel. The farm that Abner bought was later known as the Tommy Oates place. While they were trying to set up the house, the mud and stick chimney kept catching on fire, so Abner put a rope around it and had one of the boys to climb up on the roof and push, the chimney fell to the ground and broke into pieces. They then cut logs for a new cabin, this time however they built a rock chimney. The old cabin was used for a subscription school.

Sid's brothers and sisters, the Fleming and Hogland children, and many others attended school there. The new cabin they built was still standing in the 1950s. In 1875 Abner Hogan Keen was born to Abner and Rachael. He had meningitis while young and was never quite right mentally. Everyone called him Abbie. In 1877 another son was born—Albert Mitchell. Albert would have a grandson, Ralph Keen, who later became the Chief Justice of the Cherokee Supreme Court, at Tallaquah, Oklahoma.

In 1872 Abner had also bought an 80-acre farm for Sid. He paid two hundred dollars for it, and built a dogtrot house on it. Sid never lived there as he was only twelve years old at the time. In 1878 Sid sold his place on Cove Creek to a Mr. Reynalds.

The family next decided to move to Linn County, Kansas. Sid's brother John had fell in love with a local girl, but grudgingly he moved to Kansas too. The family bought a farm on Big Sugar Creek, near Farlinville, Kansas. In 1880 when John turned twenty-one he returned to Arkansas and married his sweetheart, Martha (Matt) Cox. John and Matt raised 13 children in Arkansas and in Adair County, Oklahoma.

Sid returned to Arkansas in 1884. Mr. Reynalds who had bought Sid's farm on Cove Creek still owed him money, so Sid and Uncle John went to collect. It seemed like Mr. Reynalds didn't want to pay up. Uncle John and

Sid commenced harvesting Mr. Reynalds corn crop for him and it didn't take long for Mr. Reynalds to decide to pay off his debt after all.

That same year Sid decided to homestead some land, so he went to the land office in Harrison, Ark. There was some land he wanted in southwest Washington County. It was in forty-acre sections in a row north to south. But he discovered that one section—the south forty acres—was occupied by a man named Bob Cox. Even though Mr. Cox had not filed a claim on this forty acres and Sid could have filed one, Sid knew that Mr. Cox had already built a home and cleared the land. What Sid did was take the other three sections, plus a forth section to the west, forming an "L." After filing his claim, he then returned to Washington County and went to see Mr. Cox, informing him that the forty acres he was living on was up for homestead and if he didn't want to loose it he had better go and file a homestead claim on it.

Even though Sid could have legally filed a claim on that forty acres, he couldn't bear to see a man loose what he had worked so hard to build.

Even though Sid was blind, he built himself a cabin which consisted of one room, a fireplace, and a lean to. He also built a barn, smokehouse, and a detached kitchen. He dug his own well and Lige Collins helped to rock it in. Sid's 160 acres was between Antioch and Hale Mountain, and to this day it is still called Sid Keen Hollow.

Sid was a mild mannered person until you got him mad, then the Irish blood would start to boil. He had no sooner finished his place and settled down, when a man down the creek made the boast that he was going to harvest forty acres of clover on Sid's place whether Sid liked it or not, saying what does a blind man need with forty acres of clover! As soon as Sid heard this he set out to

confront the man, but the neighbors talked him out of going. Sid then left a message with the neighbors for the man, even though I can't see you, if you set foot on my property I will be able to hear you, then your head will be mine for the taking. The man never tried to harvest the clover. Sid, not having any stock except for a team of horses, didn't need the clover, so he let Uncle Tom Holcroft have it he even helped him harvest it and put it in the barn. Uncle Tom and Aunt Suzy were lifelong friends to Sid. In later years, one of their daughters-in-law would make clothes for the Keen family.

J. H. Emerson had a little store up on the Mountain at Padora where his wife took sick and became bedfast. Mr. Emerson asked Sid to run the store for him. Well, Sid did run it for eight years and never once lost a dime. Mr. Emerson's sister had been widowed, so she took over the store. Within a year it went broke.

Sid had gotten himself engaged to Betty Townsend, but her father didn't want his daughter to marry a blind man. He persuaded her of the hardships she would endure married to a blind man, so the engagement was called off even though they were still fond of each other. About this same time, Viola Emerson, who had married Mark Cox, had become widowed. Sid planned a trip to Kansas to visit his folks. Betty's girlfriends teased her, telling her Sid was going to see the widowed Emerson girl. Betty stated that Sid wasn't going to marry Viola and bring her back to live under her nose. Even though it was never proved, it was thought that Betty burned Sid's cabin to the ground while he was in Kansas. On his return Sid had to build himself a new cabin. The irony of the whole thing was he never even went to see Widow Emerson. A few years later Betty married Jeff Quick. Betty, Jeff, and Sid remained friends and neighbors the rest of their lives.

On another trip to Kansas when Sid was at the train station at Fayetteville, he had bought his ticket and checked his baggage and was waiting for the train. Sid always carried a little leather bag with him that contained his tobacco and shaving gear. He was sitting on the platform, on a bench with this bag next to him, when a black man tried to take his bag. Sid not only used his cane to get around, but it had other uses, too, including self defense. Sid laid the man out with his cane. He heard him thump when he fell and he thought he had killed him, so he took off for home. A week later, much worried, he returned to Fayetteville and found out he had just knocked the man out. Sid retrieved his luggage which had returned from Kansas.

Along about this time all of Sid's brothers and sisters (except for Abbie) had been married in Kansas, so his father and stepmother, and Abbie moved back to Arkansas. They stayed with John Britton (on the old Eaton place) for a couple of months. While there, Rachael took sick and Abner and Sid took her to a doctor in Canehill, Ark., where she died the next day, and was buried in the Canehill Cemetery with only a fieldstone marker. After the graveside service, Sid and his father and Abbie walked down the hill, stood at the corner and talked for awhile. It was here that they said goodbye for the last time. Abner and Abbie went toward Fayetteville to catch a train for Texas. Sid then went south to his homestead. This happened at the creek where county road 13 and Highway 45 intersect. Abner died in Dallas County, Texas in 1898, and was buried in the Pioneer Cemetery there.

About this time Sid's life would take on a whole new meaning. He had lived for the last twenty years alone, and taken care of himself pretty well in spite of his disability. It was said that Sid could hear a rabbit running

and as soon as it stopped Sid could shoot it, or if a squirrel was running on a limb it had better not stop. He grew his own big garden, weeding it by feel. He could plow the straightest rows. Once while Sid was plowing for Sam Holcroft in the orchards, people stopped to watch, amazed that a blind man could plow such straight rows. Sid could tell who was walking, just by the sound of their footsteps. He could tell who certain teams and wagons were just by sound. His ears made up for a lot of what he couldn't see.

He had a special way of counting his money. He would fold each bill a different way, and could tell by the fold what denomination the bill was. Periodically he would change the fold to keep from being cheated. There were several people in the area he trusted that he would ask to tell him which bills were which, prior to folding them. Aunt Suzy Holcroft was one of those people.

In 1903 Sid met Grandma. Her name was Louiza Alzania Elizabeth Martha Jane Rambo Henry. She was a widow with two children. Her first husband, Marion Henry had been killed in a wagon accident in Starr, Oklahoma. Her first daughter had died of a fever, also in Starr, Okla. She and her other two children had come to Arkansas to live with her husband's half brother, Marshall McCratic, and his family. She met Sid at a church service and they planned to marry in January the following year.

Sid was busy getting the cabin ready for his new bride-to-be, and her children. Her brother-in-law, Marshall McCratic, was helping Sid cut wood for the winter when he thought he saw a rabbit run in a hollow log. Sid reached into the log to get the rabbit, and told Marshall he believed it was a possum. He pulled it out only to find it was a copperhead snake. It bit him twice before he had time to pop its head off. Sid sat down

under a tree and sent Marshall to fetch Doc Mayo at the nearby store in Padora. Upon his arrival Doc told Sid he had a new medicine for snakebite, but he didn't know if it would work or not as he had never used it. Sid told him to give him the shot as the copperhead bites would surely kill him if the medicine didn't cure him. The next day they were back in the woods cutting logs.

In January of 1904, Sid and Louiza approached Ira McCaleb to perform their wedding ceremony; however, because Louiza had not been baptized, the Reverend McCaleb refused to marry them. So Grandma called his bluff and she was baptized, Jan. 17, 1904, and they were married ten days later at Antioch Campbellite Church. One of the first things Sid did after their marriage was to change his stepson's name from Alexander Columbus Henry to Richard Alexander Henry. The first child born to Sid and Louiza was my father, William Arbison Keen, on Dec. 3, 1904. He was named after a friend of Sid's who had been killed in a coal mine strike in Kansas.

Sid helped the people of the community to raise the money to buy Antioch Cemetery from the McCalebs. It took twelve families to raise the ten dollars needed to buy the cemetery. Sid got twelve plots for this, but he didn't expect to use any of them so soon. In 1905 little Rosetta Georgia Henry, his stepdaughter, fell in the fireplace and was severely burned. She lived for three weeks before dying. She was the first one of the family to be buried at Antioch Cemetery.

At this time Sid was on the standing committee of the Republican Party of Boston Township, along with Erskin Cox and George Degear. Sid's mailing address was Box 4, Padora, Arkansas. Few people know that that area around Antioch was once called Padora.

Sid and Louiza started to increase their family. In 1906 John Thomas Keen was born, then came Charles

Antioch School, 1916. Identified are: (1) William Arbison Keen; (2) John Thomas Keen; (3) Richard Henry, stepson; (4) Charles Franklin Keen; and (5) Martha Jane Keen. Others are unknown, but author would like to know if anyone recognizes other people.

Franklin in 1909, Martha Jane in 1911, and Roberts Wesley in 1913. Roberts Wesley was named after Louiza's grandfather, Wesley Roberts of Searcy County. All the children were delivered by Dr. George Thomas Mayo.

All the children attended Antioch School; however, the boys started their working lives early. Sid would feel out the best trees and cut them, and the boys would cut them into railroad ties and stave bolts. The boys would take turns hauling them to Lincoln while the other boys would go to school. On one such trip to Lincoln, when Sid and his youngest son Rob reached Morrow, one of the horses, being old, fell dead in the middle of the road. They borrowed a horse from Arthur Ball and pulled their load on into Lincoln. On the return trip they stopped and piled brush on their dead horse and burned it. This was a full days work for a seven-year-old

boy and a blind dad. They bought a horse from Sam Holcroft and also bought a team of mules. The mules had never pulled a wagon or load before, so Sid tied them to the back of the wagon and after two trips to town and back, they were broke to pull a load.

One night Sid decided to treat the boys to a coon hunt. The only light they had was carbine lantern. While Uncle Rob was carrying the lantern, he dropped it in the creek, putting it out. The boys were fearful that they would have to spend the night in the woods, but Sid assured them they would get home, as he didn't need a light.

Grandpa had what he called his figuring knee, he would put his finger and on his left knee and work out any mathematical problems. He could point out each number on his knee at any given time. When he married Grandma, she couldn't read or write, but he managed to teach her. She would look in the Bible and draw out the letters on Grandpa's figuring knee and he would tell her what it was and in this way he taught her to read and write. She became very knowledgeable about the Bible in the process. Bill Bush stated in later years at the old Vineyard Church, when men would get into a discussion about what a passage from the Bible meant, they would always call for Grandma to explain it to them—all this because of Grandpa Sid's figuring knee.

On the old homestead which was very remote, even today it is accessible only with four-wheel drive, they grew everything they had to eat. They even grew tobacco and cotton. Grandpa had over 200 head of hogs running loose and they would butcher eight to ten a year. They sold a great many hogs for a mere $25 a head. Grandma was also so skilled at making white oak baskets that it was said the quality was so good that you could not tell where she began or finished a basket.

In 1922, knowing he was growing older and because of the remoteness of their place, Grandpa Sid decided to sell the homestead. A man agreed to buy it for $500, but after it was surveyed it was found that the house actually set just across the neighbor's property line, so the man refused to buy it. In 1923 Mr. Wilson, who bought railroad ties in Lincoln, bought the place for $2,300. The family moved to Lincoln in September, 1923. Mr. Wilson had paid them but $300, he told Sid he would give him an old car and another $100 for the balance owed. Sid went along with the deal. Uncle John, being the oldest son still at home, drove the family around in the car.

Uncle Rob attended school at Lincoln and while walking home from school one day, a car dealer on the square at Lincoln told him he needed to talk to Sid because he held a lean on their car. Sid took Uncle Rob with him to the man's office, the man produced a paper which Sid had Rob read very carefully. All the paper was, was an IOU from Mr. Wilson that had nothing to do with the car. Sid took his cane and wiped everything off the man's desk and chased the man around the office. Sid said, "I'm darn mite to kill you for trying to take advantage of a blind man." The quickest way to rile Grandpa Sid was for someone to try to take advantage of someone else.

The family spent that winter on Park Street in Lincoln. In the spring they moved to Farmington and picked strawberries for the Hamlin family. They saved their money and by the end of the strawberry season they pooled their money and leased farms in the Vineyard area. They leased the Wilson place and the Buell place. They lived there two years and Rob and Martha attended school at Vineyard. There were some girls who lived at Vineyard whose father was very strict about how they dressed and would never let them cut

their hair. One of the girls decided she would cut her own hair, but she told her father that Arb, my father, broke into their house that night and cut her hair off. Her father set out looking for my dad. Having heard of the incident, Sid met him in the road and told him to get his own house in order or they could settle things then and there. The girl's father didn't want to tangle with Sid as he was a nephew of the man who threatened to harvest Sid's clover field years before, so that ended that. On the old Wilson place there are several caves which have many names and dates written on their walls. One of them is "Arb Keen - 1926."

William Arbison "Arb" Keen. Picture taken on Hale Mt. in 1953.

The family got the idea to move again, they moved to the Brown place on Blue Mountain. While the family was in Prairie Grove the house burned down—destroying everything they had. They then moved into the old George Baker place. Rob went to work at a canning factory belonging to an Italian family on the mountain. Dad and John worked for the Vanfossens at their saw mill. They then moved off the mountain to Will Carmach's cabin, so they could be closer to work. It was here that my dad and Uncle John left home leaving Martha and Rob the last two kids at home. To support the family, Uncle Rob went to work at Devil's Den with the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). He received $5 a month and his mom and dad got $25 a month. Sid started receiving a pension from the state for his blindness in 1938. After twenty two

the CCC, Uncle Rob left Devil's Den and headed for California. Martha married Henry Edwards and this left only Sid and Louiza at home and their granddaughter Francis, the daughter of Uncle John and Viola Grant Keen, who died in childbirth. She went to live with the Grants, leaving just Sid and Louiza.

This is Roberts Wesley "Uncle Rob" Keen, age 23; photo taken while he was working for the CCC at the auxilliary light plant at Devil's Den.

Sid and Louiza moved to Morrow to live with Louiza's son Richard Henry from her first marriage. Sid did not like it at Richard's so he went to live with Leland Holcroft and his new bride on the old Herring place, which was the next place west of the old homestead at Sid Keen Hollow. Robert Holcrost says he remembers when Sid lived with Leland. He said if you walked anywhere with Sid you had better walk fast or you couldn't keep up. When Leland's wife set a meal on the table she would fix Sid's plate and tell him where each type of food was, where his beverage and silverware were, he was very neat and never had to be told twice. When Leland and Maxine had to leave this area to find work, Sid moved back to the Virgil Hershall Walker place on Horseshoe Bend to live with Martha and Henry Edwards.

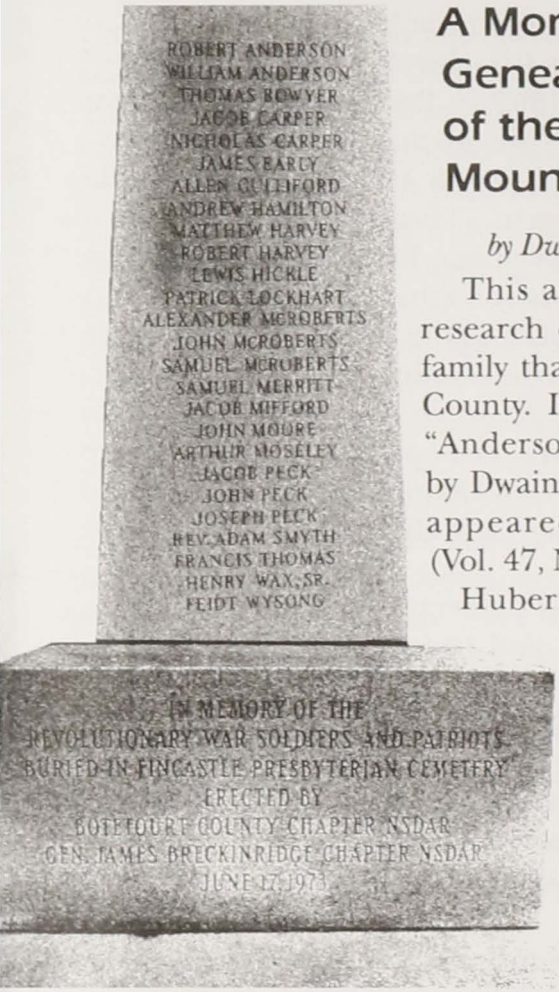
In October 1941 Sid had walked his Grandson Claude Edwards to school at Fly Creek and on the way home while crossing Fly Creek, when he slipped and fell.

After being in the water for some time, he managed to get out and make his way home, but because of the soaking he took pneumonia. Grandpa Sid died November 24, 1941, three weeks shy of his eighty first birthday. Grandma lived until 1950 and she died, they are both buried at Antioch Cemetery.

Most people would not believe the things my Grandpa Sid did having been blind all those years. I never heard anyone tell of Sid complaining of his disability. He raised his five children and a stepson. They might not have had much, but the only thing that I know of Sid ever asking anyone to do for him was sew on a button and read his mail to him.

I was told this story a couple of years ago: While walking by the school at Cove Creek a boy ran out at Sid and said, "I'm going to get you old blind man!" When Sid quietly smoothed the boys hair with his cane, the boy called back at him, "You missed me old man." Sid's reply was, "The first time was a warning. I just smoothed your hair for you, don't make the mistake of trying it a second time, it will be the side of your head next." The boy told me this story when he was an 81-year-old man. His name was Ted King. ❖

From the Aug. 1955 issue of *Flashback* — The discovery of a metal casket on the University campus, by workmen digging a trench at the corner of W. Maple and Garland, revived interest in the old family cemeteries that used to dot the outskirts of Fayetteville. The bones found in this latest grave are believed to be those of a member of the Taff family. Sixteen of the Taff family graves were removed by the University in 1926. *FLASHBACK* hopes to publish, in an early issue [in 1956], an article on the removal of this and other old burial grounds of Washington County. ❖



This monument, erected by the NSDAR in Botetourt County, Virginia in 1973, honors Revoluntionary War soldiers. It includes both Robert Anderson II and William Anderson.

A More Complete Genealogy of the Andersons of Mountain View

by Dwain and Betty Skelton

This article contains further research done on this Anderson family that settled in Washington County. It supplements an article, "Andersons of Mountain View," by Dwain and Betty Skelton that appeared in the August 1997 (Vol. 47, No. 3) of *Flashback.*

Hubert Alexander Anderson, was born 26 May 1916 in Washington County, Arkansas. He married Vada Aresta Luttrell, at Mountain View in Washington County, on 22 Feb. 1936. Benjamin Greathouse, former Arkansas State Senator, performed the ceremony at his home. June Crown and Robert Crawford were witnesses. That marriage is recorded in Washington County Marriage Records, Book Y, page 267. To that union was born: Betty Lou (Anderson) Skelton, 10 Feb. 1937, at Prairie Grove in Washington County; and Carol Ann (Anderson)

Roberts, 7 Jul. 1950, also arriving at Prairie Grove.

Hubert's father was Charles Alexander "Charley" Anderson, born 3 Nov. 1892, in Red River County, Texas and died 18 Aug. 1976 in Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

Charley was married, on 8 Mar. 1914, to Cordia Caroline "Cordie" Thurman. That marriage is recorded in Washington County Marriage Records, Book Q, page 64. To that union was born: Ethel Geneva (Anderson) Smythe, Asling, 17 January 1915; Hubert Alexander, 26 May 1916; and Velmagene (Anderson) Brady, 17 Dec. 1926. All three children were born in Washington County. Cordie was born 11 Sep. 1895, in Washington Co. and died 5 Feb. 1971 in Siloam Springs. Charley and Cordie are buried in the Oak Hill Cemetery at Siloam Springs.

Charley's father was Robert Alexander Anderson, born 22 Nov. 1853 and died 19 Jan. 1929 in Washington County. He was twice married.

Robert Alexander Anderson's first marriage was to Leah G. Winkler, on 16 Dec. 1870. That marriage is recorded in Washington County Marriage Records, Book C, page 625. Robert was 17 and Leah was 18. A justice of the peace named R. A. Rutherford performed the ceremony.

To that union was born: Louisa May, 31 May 1872; Mary M., 14 Jul. 1874; and Frances (Anderson) Willey, Swartz, 20 Jul. 1880. Both Louisa May and Mary M. died of scarlet fever in 1881. They are buried in Chismville, Logan Co., Ark. Robert and Leah separated and Leah soon died.

Robert's second marriage, 10 Mar. 1889, was to Mary Ida Elizabeth Cherry. That marriage is recorded in Red River County, Texas Marriage Records, Vol. 8, page 471. J.N. Morris, a Justice of the Peace for Red River County performed the ceremony near Detroit in Red River

County. To that union was born: Nettie Geneva (Anderson) Gibson, 27 Sep. 1890; Charles Alexander, 3 Nov. 1892; Ida Flora (Anderson) Jarrell, 19 Jul. 1895; Roy Gervis, 13 Nov. 1897; Stella Beatrice (Anderson) Bess, Argerbright, Wise, 23 Jan. 1902; Lloyd Linel, 8 Sep. 1905; and Zula Viola (Anderson) Wilson, 30 Apr. 1908. Nettie was born in Muskogee, Indian Territory; Charles and Flora were born in Red River Co., Texas; and the last four were born in Washington Co., Ark. Mary Ida Elizabeth Cherry was born 10 Mar. 1874 and died 29 May 1949. Both she and Robert Alexander Anderson are buried in the Mt. View Cemetery in Washington County.

Robert Alexander Anderson's father was John Neely (N.) Anderson. He was born 25 Dec. 1812, possibly in Kentucky, and died in Washington County prior to the 1860 census. On 26 Jan. 1842, somewhere in Arkansas, he married Sarah Tedder. To that union was born: Josephine (Anderson) Caffrey, 1843; William Wallace, 1846; John, 1848; Frank, 1850; Robert Alexander, 1853; and Richard "Dink" 1856. Sarah (Tedder) Anderson died prior to the 1870 census and is buried near Detroit, Red River Co., Texas. John N. is buried in the Mt. Comfort Cemetery west of Fayetteville in an unmarked gravesite.

John Neely Anderson's father was James Anderson who was born in 1784 in Botetourt County, Va. and died in 1828 near Springfield, Sangamon County, Ill. In 1802, in Rockbridge County, Va., he married Agnes Nancy Fletcher, daughter of Job Fletcher, Sr. To that union was born: Robert Neely, about 1804, in Virginia, who married first, Rebecca Wilson, in Sangamon Co., Ill., in 1824. Rebecca died and Robert married Clarissa Woods, moved to Wisconsin, and both died there; Margaret L., 28 Mar. 1806, in Virginia, who married William Drennan, in Sangamon Co., Ill., on 30 May 1822; Job Fletcher, 2 Jun.

1808, in Kentucky, died unmarried at age 55; John Neely, 25 Dec. 1812, in Kentucky, who married Sarah Tedder, in Arkansas, on 26 Jan. 1842; Nancy, 1 Jan. 1820, in Kentucky, who possibly may have married twice; first to John Caldwell, and secondly to Charles W. Ballard in Sangamon Co., Ill., in 1843. She died in Texas; and Rebecca, in Sangamon Co., Ill., 14 Jan. 1825, went to Arkansas, married and died there. Agnes Nancy (Fletcher) Anderson was born in 1786 in Rockbridge Co., Va., and died in 1845 near Springfield, Ill.

From Rockbridge County, Va. Marriages (1778-1805): James and Agnes' marriage bond was recorded 6 Jul. 1802. James Anderson and John Fletcher were bound to James Monroe, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia for $150.00. Since Agnes' father, Job, was deceased, her brother, John stood her bond.

According to the Rockbridge Co., Va. Marriages (1778 - 1850), Book 1, page 92, James and Agnes were married, on 8 Jul. 1802, by John Montgomery. John is reported to have been the minister for the Lebanon Presbyterian Church, located north of Goshen, in northwest Rockbridge Co., Va. Job Fletcher Sr. owned land on the Little River of Calfpasture River, near Goshen.

The James Anderson Family moved from Virginia to Kentucky by 1808 where they had three children, Job F., John N., and Nancy; Kentucky to Indiana in 1813; and Indiana to Illinois in late 1820. A James Anderson paid taxes in Jefferson Co., Ind. in 1815-16.

Excerpts from the *History of Sangamon County, Illinois*, originally written in 1876: "James Anderson came to the county in 1820. He was born in Virginia, moved from there to Kentucky, thence to Indiana, and then to Illinois. He settled on section 33, but afterwards moved to the North Fork of the Sangamon River, where he died in 1828." That information was furnished by James

Anderson's oldest daughter, Margaret L. (Anderson) Drennan. She was seventy one years old and the only living child of James and Agnes (Fletcher) Anderson when the history was compiled.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, situated on section 31, in Sangamon Co., Ill., was organized in 1824, at the house of William Drennan Sr., by John M. Berry. William Drennan Jr.'s wife was Margaret L. Anderson, John N.'s older sister. Among those comprising the original organization, or who united shortly afterwards, were: William Drennan, Joseph Dodds and wife, William Wallace, Gilbert Dodds and wife, Lewis Laughlin and wife, James Anderson, Robert Anderson, James Wallace, and John Durley.

James Anderson's father was an Irishman named Robert Anderson II. He came to America with his father, mother, and at least one brother in 1755/56, landing at Philadelphia, Pa. Although they intended to go to the Colony of Virginia for settlement, they were persuaded otherwise because of Indian uprisings in Virginia and settled temporarily in Delaware instead.

Robert Anderson II was born in Glenncross, Rathmullen, Donegal County, Ireland, about 1739. He grew up in his parents' home overlooking the waters of Lough Swilly. He married Margaret Neely in Delaware in 1764. To that union was born, sons: William, 2 Jun. 1764 in Delaware; Robert III; John; and James, 1784 in Botetourt Co., Va.; and daughters: Rebecca, who married Ezekial Howard on 26 Apr. 1791 and Margaret, who married Benjamin Denton. Robert II died 22 Jul. 1825 in Botetourt Co., Va. His wife, Margaret Neely, died 26 Jul. 1810. Both are buried on the Presbyterian Church Grounds at Fincastle, Botetourt Co., Va.

On 22 Oct. 1770, a survey was conducted for Robert Anderson II on 650 acres of land lying on both sides of

Catawba Creek in Botetourt County. On 20 Jun. 1772 he received a patent on that tract of land. On 15 Mar. 1786, he and his wife, Margaret, sold 104 acres of that original patent to one Robert Harvey, but they reserved a small plat of low ground on Snodgrass Spring Run on the south side of the Catawba. William Anderson and William Neely witnessed the deed.

Robert Anderson II's father was Robert An-derson I. He was born about 1700 in Parish Killagarven, County Donegal, Ireland. There, he married Catherine Graham. Most researchers think he and his family were sent to America, by the Presbyterian Church, to help evangelize the Colony of Virginia. When they arrived in Philadelphia in 1755/56, their young sons Robert II and David were with them. A daughter Catherine, who married John McNutt, at sea, settled in what is now Rockbridge County, Va., in about 1762. In 1803, Robert Anderson II visited Ireland to settle his father's estate, and brought back with him to Virginia, another sister, Mary, and her husband, Robert Power, as well as their daughter, Rebekah (Power) Stuart.

The Andersons are believed to have moved from Scotland to Ireland before 1688. They fled to the north of Ireland from Scotland after the defeat and hanging of

Robert Anders II and his wife Margaret are both buried on the Presbyterian Church Grounds at Fincastle, Botetourt Co., Va.

in 1650. James Graham is thought to have been a near kinsman of Catherine Graham, wife of Robert Anderson I. The Andersons and Grahams were among the defenders of Derry in the Revolution of 1688.

A large glass-enclosed memorial in the foyer of the Fincastle, Botetourt Co., Va. Presbyterian Church details the early history of the Robert Anderson I family. The information on the memorial was furnished by Robert and Margaret's oldest son, William Anderson, a Revolutionary War soldier. In 1812, when war broke out with England, William Anderson was commissioned a colonel, raised his own company, and joined other forces in the defense of the eastern shores of Virginia.

On 17 Jun. 1973, the Botetourt County, Virginia, Gen. James Breckenridge Chapter, NSDAR, erected a memorial to the Revolutionary War Soldiers and Patriots buried in the Fincastle Presbyterian Cemetery. There are 26 names on the monument. Both Robert Anderson II, and his son William Anderson are included. ❖

From the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat*, Friday, October 20, 1933

SON OF PIONEER POTTER DIES

by Zillah Cross Peel

Steven Crawley, aged 80 years, son of the county's pioneer potter and former member of the quorum court, died at his home near Strickler Wednesday Oct. 18. Funeral Services were held at the home Thursday afternoon. The passing of Mr. Crawley, one of Washington County's oldest and most respected citizens, will be a great loss not only to the Strickler community where he has served as justice of the peace, but also to the county.

He was the son of W. S. Crawley and Mrs. Ibey Burgess Crawley, who were married in Tennessee and came to Strickler in 1845, and homesteaded a place located on the old Butterfield stage coach road, leading into Strickler.

Steve Crawley is the oldest of the seven children.

A family reunion was held at Prairie Grove in 1931 when six of these seven sons and daughters were together for the first time in 53 years. They were Steve Crawley, Martha Crawley Strickler of Prairie Grove, aged 78, Joseph Crawley, aged 76, of Tulsa, Elizabeth Crawley Caton, 74 of Strickler, Lottie Crawley Strickler, 72, of Onda and Wash Crawley, age 70, at Maysville, Ark. The father of the Crawley family died in Strickler in 1921, age 94 years. He was twice married and had seven children by his first wife and 14 by his second wife.

Steve Crawley was of the old pioneer type, and erect, and had a memory that made him a delight to talk with. He was ever ready to tell of the days when his father took his mother and small children and went many miles away from their home, which is still standing on the old Butterfield stage coach road, this home was used as a hospital for both the Union and Confederate soldiers

after many battles during the Civil War. Mr. Crawley told of more than a thousand soldiers under General Price being located in the hills around his father's home.

His father, W. S. Crawley, came to Strickler to live after he had come here in 1843 on a visit and discovered there was a clay deposit near Strickler that was ideal for making pottery, so he went back to Tennessee, married and brought his wife and his treasured potter's wheel. Mr. Crawley said he had travelled all over Benton and Washington counties helping his father peddling jars, jugs, churns, crocks and even greese (sic) lamps, one of which is now owned by Mrs. Martha Crawley Strickler at Prairie Grove.

NOTE: *Goodspeed's 1889 History of Washington County*, reprinted by J. Roger Huff 1978, p. 320, tells of William S. Crawley being postmaster of Greenville from October 1868 to May of 1871. Greenville was a post office on and off several times between March 1854 until discontinued in February, 1874. Additional references to William S. Crawley, father of Steven Crawley, may be found in *Flashback*, May 1976, p.24, "William S. Crawley the Potter," *Flashback*, Aug. 1992, p.22, "J.D. Wilbur Pottery in Cane Hill," and *History of Washington County*, Shiloh Museum 1989, p. 948. ❖

Correction for Photo on Cover of May 1998 Issue

June 18, 1998

Dear Editor:

I was pleased to receive the current May issue of Flashback *and to see a partial picture on the cover of the Arkansas Light Battery A.*

I have the original picture obtained from Walter Lemke. Denton Stark was the captain of this battery, but for some reason was absent during the latter years of the war and my grandfather, Lt. William E. Mayes, was in command. Lt. Mayes was at

the Pryor Creek, Indian Territory engagement, also Honey Creek; and was commended for his battery's work at Cross Hollows, north of Rogers, Ark. when he successfully defended a supply train. Lt. Mayes was stationed at Fort Gibson, Fort Smith and Fayetteville at various times.

In the picture on the cover, he is the one on the horse, and his brother, Sam, a member of this group, is believed to be the one on the horse behind the cannon. The man who was the hangman for Judge Isaac Parker in Fort Smith, served in this battery also. I believe his name was Hagar, born circa 1812 in Bavaria. He was said to be the greatest executioner, second only to the French guillotine executioner, during the French revolution. This entire picture was shown in an early edition of Flashback.

My grandfather, William E. Mayes, his father, Samuel Mayes and Jacob Johnson formed a partnership and restored the mill at Johnson, Ark. after the Civil War. Samuel Mayes died in 1879 and William E. Mayes sold his interest to the Johnson family about 1882.

Sincerely,

C. Vale Mayes
HC 5, Box 571 - Mm
Kerrville, TX 78028-9109

[Editor's note: We are pleased to get this correction and learn more about the Arkansas Light Battery A. We apologize for incorrectly identifying the man on the horse as Albert Bishop.] ❖

Two family histories are available that were written by the late Bonnie Cox Sellars of Lincoln. They are *Reeds 1710-1981* (James R. Reed and his descendants who came from Ireland to Washington Co., Ark.) and *Our Family Heritage* (descendants of Cox, Rather, Rhoades, Scraper, and Teague families). Each is available for $20, plus $3 for shipping from Bob Keen, 13643 Lincoln/Canehill Road, Lincoln, AR 72744 (phone - (501) 824-4818. All proceeds go to Lincoln Cemetery Asso. ❖

Delford E. Rieff

1998 Citizen of the Year

This is first of three biographical articles that will appear in *Flashback* concerning the recipients of the award for 1998 Distinguished Citizen of Washington County. The three recipients of the awards presented at the September 27, 1998 annual meeting were Mary D. Parsons, Delford E. Rieff, and Lloyd O. Warren. Articles about other recipients will follow in future issues.

A resident of Washington County since his birth near West Fork on October 2, 1909, DELFORD E. RIEFF has been an active contributor to the community all his adult life. His record of service includes recorder-treasurer of the City of Prairie Grove, terms on the Prairie Grove City Council, Prairie Grove Cemetery Association, Prairie Grove School Board, Washington County Election Commission, Washington County Soil Conservation Board (since 1963 to the present), Prairie Grove Battlefield Commission since its inception, Washington Regional Hospital Board (twenty-three years), and the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission. He was instrumental in helping to get the Prairie Grove City Lake built for water supply. A charter member of the Prairie Grove Lions Club, he has been active in the club for over fifty years. He is also a life member of the Washington County Historical Society, a member of the First United Methodist Church of Prairie Grove,

Delford E. Rieff

Occidental Lodge #436, Scottish Rite, and a Shriner.

Professionally Rieff was associated with Farmers & Merchants Bank of Prairie Grove from 1929 to 1992, serving as president from 1946 to 1984, and chairman of the board of directors from 1984 to 1992. As a director of the Arkansas Bankers Association, he served on numerous committees.

As a youth he attended school at Zinnamon and Strickler and graduated from Fayetteville Business College in 1928. He was married to the late Mamie Edmiston for over fifty years. Their one son, Jim, succeeded his father as president of the bank and served until it was sold to Arvest. Rieff is by no means retired. He still raises cattle and is an active participant in community activities.

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